

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

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NUMBER 29.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1898.

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Owner and Editor.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

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GET YOUR NOTEHEADS, Envelopes,
Letterheads, Catalogues,
etc. Bills, etc., printed at HERALD office.

GENERAL NEWS.

Japan has sent two formidable
cruisers to Chinese waters.

Col. Bryan's Nebraska regiment
will leave for Cuba about Nov. 1.

Free mail delivery went into
effect at Phoenixville, Pa., Oct. 9.

A new gold strike has been re-
ported 100 miles from Skagaway.

Southern army officers refuse to
eat with negro officers at Santiago.

The Seventh infantry left Mon-
tauk, N. Y., Friday for Michigan.

A shock from an electric light
killed Jacob Jatkowsky at Newark,
N. J.

Don Carlos, the Spanish preten-
der, is going to London to raise a
loan.

The annexation of Hawaii has
given a big boom to the sugar in-
dustry.

The Victor Coal Company, of
Colorado, has been sold for several
millions.

The oil wells of Senator Mills at
Carlsbad, Texas, are said to net
him about \$100 a day.

A military plot against the
French government is said to have
been discovered in Paris.

Lewis Miller, now in Detroit
and wanted on a charge of forgery,
will be extradited to Germany.

Mrs. Little, daughter of Vicks-
burg, Miss., died Sunday night
from the effects of a spider's bite.

Gen. Merriam has appointed a
board to examine into the effi-
ciency of Captains Tower and Wat-
son.

The president will not announce
the selection of an ambassador to
London before his return from his
western trip.

The Kentucky court of appeals
has decided that railroads in this
state must furnish separate coach-
es for negroes.

Near Caskey, Ky., Wm. Dawson,
aged 60 years, fell from a fence on
which he was sitting and expired
of heart trouble.

Thos. S. Newell, of Boston, just
returned from Alaska, believes the
territory should have a representa-
tive in congress.

Columbia has terminated diplo-
matic relations with Italy, and the
feeling between the two countries
is again becoming hostile.

A. C. Cleveland, of Nevada, has
announced himself a candidate for
United States senator from that
state to succeed William M. Stew-
art.

It is stated that a proclamation
will be issued in China threaten-
ing the infliction of capital pun-
ishment upon any person insult-
ing Europeans.

Large numbers of counterfeit
\$100 silver certificates have been
produced in San Francisco. It is
said that 5000 of these spurious
bills were sent to the Klondike.

The converted yacht Wasp has
been assigned as a training ship
for the use of the Illinois naval
militia. The vessel will start for
Chicago, via the St. Lawrence can-
al.

Alaska Indians have abandoned
fur hunting and joined the whites
in the search for gold. As the re-
sult, Alaska's fur output has dwin-
dled from \$750,000 to \$100,000 in
a year.

The great warship Illinois has 80
steam engines, of different pat-
terns, besides a full armament of
all kinds of guns. She is one of
the most formidable fighting craft
afloat.

Reports from various points in
Georgia indicate that the storm of
last week was disastrous to the
cotton crop, and the damage sus-
tained is believed to have reached
\$5,000,000.

The Texas Old Settlers' Associa-
tion has bought a 30-acre tract of
land for a permanent place of
meeting. There is a handsome
grove on the tract and a fine resi-
dence will be erected for use as a
place for the society's reunions.

THE OPENING DAY OF THE FAIR.

I sing a song about a fair,
The greatest e'er was seen,

It opened on a rainy day
At dear old Hazel Green.

The people came from far and near
To see the horses run,

But, oh, alas, the rain came down
And knocked out all the fun.

And yet they lingered on a while,
With hope shed in each heart,

The sun would brightly shine again;
The clouds would soon depart.

But disappointment came and knocked
Against their hearts a thud,

And all the people saw that day
Was nothing else but mud.

With broken promises at the start
Now wasn't that a whack,

The Flying Dutchman spinning round
While mud was on the track.

The opening day just took the cake
And gave some folks a pain;

They went straight home a wiser lot
And ne'er came back again.



DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY

"Ring out the old Ring out the false Ring in the new Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are ex-
hausted; the mucus-bearing mucus is cut out; the
cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed
membranes are healed and soothed so that there
is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS
Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes

**BE SURE YOU GET
Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey**

I AM 68 YEARS OLD, and never used
any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-
Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief
in grippe, colds, coughs and croup. It makes
weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe,
Paducah, Ky.

TOLIVER TOPICS.

Mack Oldfield visited on Grassy
creek Sunday.

Bethel Carter has moved to his
farm on Beaver.

Aaron Mannin, of Omer, was
visiting in Toliver last week, and
taking in the fair.

B. F. Boling left Sunday morn-
ing for Louisville, where he will
attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Sanders McNabb and accom-
plished daughter, Miss Leaner, of
Powell county, were visiting in
Toliver last week.

Ye scribe is in receipt of a letter
from Frank Mannin, who has been
moved to Jacksonville, Fla. He
says army life is tough.

Oct. 18. SHINER.

Take Notice.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, Clay Rose, will not be responsible
for any trade that Asa Rose, my son,
may make, or act, or any business trans-
action that he may enter into. And,
further, that I exercise no jurisdiction
over any property that he owns or has in
any way.

Given under my hand this Sept. 24,
1898. CLAY ROSE.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

LAUREL CHAT.

John Brown left Friday for the
Mt. Sterling court.

Grant Lacy will begin teaching
school here Monday.

John Brown bought a pair of 2-
year old steers at \$65.

John Brown sold two steer calves
to C. D. Samples for \$30.

George Beasley and wife visited
Newton Maloney and family Sun-
day.

Newton Maloney has been suff-
ering for four weeks past with a
boil on his neck.

Robert Brooks and Walter Lowe
took dinner with Frank Samples
last Sunday, of course.

Quite a crowd attended a meet-
ing here last Sunday, conducted
by Rev. John Brown and Morgan
Miller.

Clarence Trimble, of this place,
was visiting his father and mother
on Lacy creek, Saturday and Sun-
day.

Oct. 17. ALPHA.

The representative of a Pitts-
burg company is negotiating for 20
acres of land on the banks of the
Manchester ship canal, England,
where it is proposed to erect a
non-corrosive metal manufactory
which will employ 5000 men.

About Doss Vying Dugmans.

From the Sharpsburg fair there
came a "Flying Dutchman," and
as Shakespeare says, "thereby
hangs a tale." The circular dis-
penser of juvenile joy was set up
on the lot behind the old Mitchell
bank property and the wheezy notes
of the chestnutty melodeon soon
drew a crowd of "rubbers" that
was as "jittless as the proverbial
jaybird. Some had jags, and oth-
ers, like Barkis, were willin', but
didn't have the price. One young
man with a large load of apples
thought the "Dutchman" was the
"hurry up" wagon and wanted to
take his customary ride. He grew
indignant because he was asked to
"cough up" a nickel. He said he
wasn't a consumptive but produced
the "jit." The "Dutchman" pro-
moter did not think the gent sober
enough to stick his mount and ob-
jected to his riding. His royal
rye-jags said he was a "rough
rider," and immediately started a
"rough house," and the "Flying
Dutchman" adjusted its wings and
soared away in the direction of the
land of Spencer Cooper, the Hazel
Green Fair, the home of pretty
girls, and brandy.—Mt. Sterling
Sentinel-Democrat.

This same "Flying Dutchman"
lit in Frenchburg last Monday
night. The promoter made a fly-
ing trip to Hazel Green Tuesday,
but finding another "Flying Dutch-
man" "on the nest" at that place
he returned here, readjusted his
wings, and flew back to Mt. Ster-
ling Wednesday.—Frenchburg Agi-
tator.

Believe in Paying the Preacher.

The little country church of 178
members, at Wilmore, composed
wholly of farmers, has undertaken
to raise in full the salary of their
pastor, Rev. Dr. Guerrant, allow-
ing him six months of the time for
evangelistic work, and pledging
him near \$4,000 to be expended
under his direction in work among
the people of the mountain coun-
ties.—Danville Advocate.

Valuable Property For Sale.

Residence in Winchester, 11
rooms, lot 60x210, in best part of
town, stable, &c. Magnificent
property. Price \$5,500. Address
or call on T. M. Morrow, Winches-
ter or Jackson.

One hundred men of the Tennes-
see regiment at San Francisco will
be discharged.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.



McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

has demonstrated ten thousand
times that it is almost infallible
**FOR WOMAN'S
PECULIAR
WEAKNESSES,**

Irregularities and derangements.
It has become the leading remedy
for this class of troubles. It exerts
a wonderfully healing, strength-
ening and soothing influence upon
the menstrual organs. It cures
"whites" and falling of the womb.
It stops flooding and relieves sup-
pressed and painful menstruation.
For Change of Life it is the best
medicine made. It is beneficial
during pregnancy, and helps to
bring children into homes barren
for years. It invigorates, stimu-
lates, strengthens the whole sys-
tem. This great remedy is offered
to all afflicted women. Why will
any woman suffer another minute
with certain relief within reach?
Wine of Cardui only costs \$1.00 per
bottle at your drug store.

For advice, in cases requiring special direc-
tions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies'
Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Med-
icine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. J. W. SMITH, Camden, S. C., says:
"My wife used Wine of Cardui at home
for falling of the womb and it entirely
cured her."

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : KY.

SINCE MOTHER WENT AWAY.

The old home's mighty lonesome now—it ain't what one would call a home, just like it used to be, 'fore mother died last fall. Though knowing she is better off, somehow I ain't content. For things about the old place here have changed so since she went.

There's nothin' like it used to be about the dear old place. An' life is lackin' flavor of her old-time love an' grace. For though I've lived here fifty years—just fifty to a day, it doesn't seem like home no more, since mother went away.

I am the only one that's left, now old and feeble grown. Left here in my declin' years to struggle on alone. The children all are scattered far abroad o'er land an' sea. An' everything's so changed about from what it used to be.

The old house is so silent now, where none but me remain. The last unbroken link of what was once a perfect chain. There are none left to comfort me or give encouragement. Along life's solitary way since dear old mother went.

Yes, home is mighty lonesome now—deserted, sad an' drear. Bereft of half a century of wifely love an' cheer. The sweetness of the long ago, the brightness of the May. To wintry gloom has been transferred—since mother went away.

—Sidney Warren Mace, in Good House-keeping.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I. — Fanny McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Grangers at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there. The narrative then goes back to the time of the engagement of Fanny to Merriam.

CHAPTER II.

"I own I never thought of her marrying in the army," said Aunt Charlotte, as do other aunts and mothers after their girls have been campaigning at the Point.

"What income, if any, have you outside your pay?" was Uncle Mellen's more-to-the-point interrogation.

"Nothing, sir."

"Well, neither has she. That is, what she has is so small it wouldn't keep that extravagant child in gloves. You two had better be sensible and think it over."

Randy Merriam did think it over, but all to no purpose. The more he thought, the more he declared himself hopelessly and irrevocably in love, and as Miss Fan took kindly to his protestations, and Parry and Charlotte took kindly to him and sympathized with the soldierly fellow, who was evidently much of a gentleman and so much in love, it resulted in his being made welcome at Parry's club, received quite as Parry was at the Mellens—since not oftener than once a week could he get away from his duties at the Point, and when Ned and Charlotte were married, as they were in state and style early in the winter, Merriam had many a good reason for believing that, despite his poverty, the next wedding reception held at the Mellens' beautiful home would be one in which he would be vitally interested.

Well, he was; but not in the way or manner expected. In fact, he did not attend the ceremony or the reception; indeed, he was not bidden. A very disagreeable thing happened to him within a month after the Parry-Hayward wedding, one that overwhelmed him with mortification and distress, and caused no little indignation among his comrades.

Everybody knew Randy Merriam was in debt. He made no secret of it. He was extravagant in his tastes, had incurred obligations before going on duty at the Point, and found it impossible to "catch up" there. There were three or four accounts he had been asked to settle, as they had been running some time, but he put them off from month to month, hoping that he might soon be able to obtain possession of a small sum of money left him by the will of a relative two years before. It was only a few thousand dollars, yet even that had been contested, together with a number of similar bequests, and the legal complications had been as exasperating as the law's delay could make them. One day, soon after Charlotte's wedding, Merriam was summoned to the presence of the superintendent and was regretfully told that four of his creditors had united in an appeal to the war department, and the matter had been referred to him as post commander. Merriam was confounded. He had seen and talked with one of them only a few weeks before, and no such action had even been hinted at. Nor did he know that any one of their number was aware of his indebtedness to the others. Frankly he had told Miss Fan of these matters before he told her of his love, but it made, apparently, no impression on her. "Let

them wait," she said. "You'll soon be able to pay them ten times over." Frankly he had talked of it to one or two of his intimates, and later to Parry, who had grown to like him, and who, as a lawyer, thought his little inheritance could not be much longer withheld. It would free him; it would very prettily furnish their quarters and still leave a few hundreds to the fore. He remembered, too, that Uncle Mellen had made some inquiries of him, and that in perfect frankness he had replied. And now, just at the moment when he was full of hope and happiness, came this cruel mortification. Such action on the part of his creditors was unaccountable, but, as the superintendent said, it was a solemn fact. Deeply chagrined, he told the colonel the whole story, and the colonel was full of sympathy, but as full of sense.

"I'm sorry, Merriam," said he, "but there's only one thing for you to do. There's no telling when you'll ever get that inheritance. When lawyers once get hold of an estate it's dollars to dimes nobody else ever does, and by the time judgment is awarded in your favor it will be eaten up in fees and innumerable charges. You cannot count on a cent of it. You cannot save anything to speak of here. Just capitalize those debts of yours; borrow the money from some business man on reasonable time and interest, get your life insured in his favor, and go out and join our troop. We can have you relieved as at your own request, and once out on the frontier you can save so much a month, and little by little pull yourself out."

And leaving his pretty sweetheart, his chosen friends and pleasant surroundings, this was exactly what Randy Merriam did. Ned Parry, with a puzzled look on his face, had listened to his mournful recital, had promptly offered his services and his bank account, and made but one stipulation: "Don't you go near those fellows, Merriam. Let me have the bills and I'll send you the receipts," for Parry had a theory of his own.

Sedgwick was as dreary a post, so far as surroundings were concerned, as could be found in the west. It stood on a pebbly mesa, flat and barren, overlooking the narrow, tortuous, shallow canyon through which rippled the waters of the San Mateo. Across the western horizon hung a low, jagged curtain of distant blue mountains. Far away to the northwest a snow peak shimmered in the dazzling sunshine, but north, east and south the low rolling contour of the prairie, like the ground swell of the ocean, was lost in illimitable monotony. The only trees were some willows down in an arroyo that emptied its rivulet after a rain-storm into the stream. The only green things were the blinds and vines on the piazzas of the officers' quarters. Yet Sedgwick was a big post, an important post, for a great Indian reservation lay only 20 miles away toward the mountains. Two lines of railway met at the junction, three miles down stream, and by riding a few miles westward one came suddenly upon a fertile valley, where grass and trees abounded, and where all nature seemed to smile, and where by rights the old post should have been located; but all that was Indian reservation when Sedgwick was built, and not until long after did the territorial officials succeed in getting it lopped off from the allotment and thrown open to settlement. Along the bowery shades of the Santa Clara were now ranches by the dozen, and a hundred or more of enterprising settlers, and between them and the thronging garrison at Sedgwick was peace and good will and every kindly relation, when Randy Merriam came out in the December of the Columbian year, determined to take his punishment like a man. He had sworn off cigars and extravagances of every kind. For a time he even declined to subscribe to the hops, which were charming affairs, for the band was excellent and the regiment blessed with many lovely and lovable women. "Merriam spends all of his money in stamps," was the comment of the garrison wits, for he wrote day after day to his distant darling in the east. That winter Ned Parry accepted the junior partnership in the great firm of Graeme & Rayburn, in Chicago, and moved thither with his lovely wife, while Fan remained with Aunt and Uncle Mellen in Gotham, pinching, presumably, for her far-away soldier boy, and yet writing much less frequently than he did, for the demands of society were incessant and auntie kept her "on the go."

One day in April there came a letter from the east at sight of which Randy Merriam's face was radiant with joy. It briefly told him that the long litigation was over and that some \$3,500, all that was left of the original \$6,000, were at his disposal. Jubilantly, confidently then, he wrote to Fanny to name the day, and in course of time there came a reply, long, self-accusing, penitent, miserable, but all-sufficient. The day was named, and so was the man—Mr. John Harold McLane, of New York, a wealthy widower of 55.

The wedding of Miss Hayward and Mr. McLane followed so speedily the announcement of the engagement that elderly club men, long years the chums of the groom, barely had time to concoct suitable forms of compliment and congratulation. The reception which followed the ceremony, however, was on such a scale of magnificence as to leave little room for doubt that the Mellens had long been preparing for the

event. The business relations existing for a decade between Uncle Mellen and John McLane were well understood. Indeed the match was declared to be of Uncle Mellen's making, and the whole transaction was openly referred to by younger club men as a most Mellencholy affair. Charlotte Parry went on from Chicago to attend it, but Ned, her devoted lord, pleading very pressing professional engagements, positively refused to go. He wrote a letter to Uncle Mellen about that time, however, which gave other reasons for his non-attendance, and to which the recipient, after several attempts, found it impossible to reply. Mrs. Parry hastened back to Chicago immediately after the reception, and from that day neither she nor her husband set foot within the Mellens' doors. Aunt Charlotte declared the conduct of her niece most undutiful, ungrateful, unaccountable, but her husband said nothing.

The bride was a vision of girlish beauty, that bright June wedding day, and McLane was as handsome and well-preserved a fellow of 55 as even New York could show. He was evidently deeply in love and immeasurably proud and happy. As for the lady, she looked to the full as joyous and radiant as any lover lord could ask, and her manner toward McLane, much "more than twice her years"—nearly three times, in fact—was sweet, shy, appealing, and trusting, all in one. Many women in society, old and young, envied her, and everybody appropriately congratulated him and wished her joy. Mac's plan for the honeymoon included a yachting tour through the Scottish isles and so on to North Cape, but Fan surprised him. She had seen so much of Europe, she said, and so little of their own country. Couldn't they go to Chicago for the world's fair, and then to Niagara and down the St. Lawrence, and through the White mountains and the Catskills? So this they did, coming back to Gotham for a round of receptions and social gayeties in the late autumn, then going to Florida and thence to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, and then Fan begged to be taken to Coronado and Monterey. She longed, she said, to see Southern California, and the "Sunset Route" bore them within three miles of old Fort Sedgwick on their westward way.

The Grangers were still at West Point. There was only one officer at the post whom she knew, and none who were known to her husband. It was five o'clock of a soft, sunshiny February afternoon, one of those matchless days for which the valley of the Rio Bravo is famous. McLane was playing "dum-



She hastily lowered the shade.

my" in the smoking-room. The young wife was yawning over a book. She was looking, it must be owned, not only bored, but somewhat dusty and disheveled, and she was conscious of the fact, which made her look still worse. She was remarking how baked and dry and dreary and monotonous was the landscape, and wondering where they were and what was the name of those far-away blue mountains under the fiery path of the sun—geography was not one of her strong points—when the train slackened speed and rolled slowly into a station that seemed more populous than any recently passed, and there stood another train, almost the counterpart of their own, and on the station platform of what was evidently a connecting road were groups of swarthy, cigarette-smoking Mexicans, a few stolid, silent Indians, and then—was it possible?—stylishly, fashionably-dressed women, and officers in riding garb, and there at the platform stood waiting ambulances and orderlies with led horses, and the sound of merry chat and laughter came floating in at the open window, and people occupying sections on the left side of the Pullman crossed over to her side and gazed with all their eyes. "What's the name of this station?" some one asked the porter. "Santa Fe Junction," was the answer. "Yavnduh's Fort Sedgwick, three miles out there on the mesa."

Fanny McLane's heart gave a sudden jump. The train, which had stopped an instant before crossing the other track, moved slowly on, and then under the grip of the air brakes came to a stand beside the platform, and, conscious that she was looking her worst—looking yellow, in fact—she drew back from the window and hastily lowered the shade. Then merry voices and laughter, and light, bounding footsteps were heard at the head of the car, and in came a joyous party, officers and ladies. A tall, slender girl seemed the object of general interest, and her bundles and wraps were deposited in the opposite section by one officer; another bore a brand-new bag, another a

bunch of beautiful roses, and ten women hung about the girl and kissed her and cooed over her; and, with the experienced eye of her sex, Mrs. McLane needed only one glance at the pretty, stylish traveling suit, at the jaunty little hat, at the slender, tapering boot, all so new and glossy, to realize at once that here was a bride—an army bride—and one beloved of her kind, for one woman after another clung to her as they kissed, and many eyes were wet, and all were filled with love and trust and tenderness. "God bless you, Floy, darling!" cried one enthusiastic girl. "I'm so glad we've got you in our regiment. I was so afraid the Riffers would never let you go." And this, too, seemed an all-pervading sentiment among the men whose caps were decorated with crossed sabers, while others, who wore the badge of the infantry, and their wives and daughters seemed to have another song to sing. "Florence, you broke our hearts by marrying out of the regiment, but at least we'll soon have you back at Sedgwick," was the purport of what was said by more than one of their number.

Then came warnings to leave the train. The conductor was shouting "All aboard!" and, bearing her with them, they rushed tumultuously to the rear platform. Then, very slowly at first, the car began to move, and the other occupants of the Pullman poked their heads out of the windows, and looked back along the platform, as exclamations followed them. But Mrs. McLane still shrank behind the lowered shade, her heart beating strangely, and her ears straining as though to catch the tones of a voice long unheard, last heard only with sweet emotions. Manly tones were shouting Godspeeds and good-byes. Womanly voices were adding their inconsiderate pleas for letters, and then as the speed increased and the voices died away the passengers slipped back to their sections and strove not to seem to be on the watch for the return of the bride. It was quite a little while before she reappeared. Mrs. McLane was conscious she was coming because of the backward glances of her fellow-travelers, and, under their long lashes, her own eyes took their eager, sidelong peep. She came slowly, a tall, soldierly form in gray traveling garb close at her side, one arm half encircling, half supporting her. She had evidently been weeping a little, for as she seated herself and looked fondly up in his face the great, deep-set, deep-blue eyes were wet with tears, but the face was glorified by the love and trust that shone in them. A broad-shouldered back, bending devotedly over the girl, was about all Fanny McLane could see of the escort, but it was enough to cause her heart to stand suddenly still. She felt as though she were choking, as though she must have air. Then she heard his voice, deep-toned, manly, tender, the very tones her ears had been straining to hear a few minutes before, and then, springing from her seat, her handkerchief raised to and shrouding her face, she too hurried to the rear door of the car and stood there clinging to the rail for support. The man in gray, the devoted bridegroom, was Randolph Merriam.

And there at the rear door she hovered until the clouds of choking dust drove her within. It was the men's end of the car, and fragrant cigar smoke was drifting from the room in which her husband and his cronies were playing whist. If only the long car were turned end for end! If only she could get her bag and reach the women's toilet-room unobserved. Let him, and his—and that girl—see her looking as she was now?—not for worlds! Get to that toilet-room and wash away the grime and dust andinders, get out her alcohol lamp and curl that rebellious, stringy "front," and prick and powder and retouch those faded lashes and brows—all this she must do before facing him and her. But how to get there without being seen. She must pass them so close as almost to touch his shoulder. No! A furtive peep from behind the brown curtain into the dim interior revealed the broad gray shoulders bent far over to the girl's end of the seat. He was leaning over her, gazing down into her eyes, talking earnestly to her. There was no comfort in the sight. It stung her to instant action.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Absorbed Nothing.

At a gathering of Cambridge undergraduates, the head of one of the colleges was the subject of a number of dippant criticisms. A fellow of the college heard the talk and proceeded to administer a rebuke. "You are probably ignorant, young gentlemen," he said, "that the venerable person of whom you have been speaking with such levity is one of the profoundest scholars of our age. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our age has bathed more deeply in the sacred fountains of antiquity." "Or come up drier, sir," was the reply of the undergraduate. —Detroit Free Press.

No Time to Punctuate.

She—How would you punctuate the following: "Bank of England notes of various values were blown along the street by the wind?"

He—I think I would make a dash after the notes. —Tit-Bits.

She Was Entranced.

"Was it a thrilling play, Julia?" "I should say so; I forgot to eat my chocolate creams." —Chicago Record.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Gen. Sir Herbert Kitchener, who conducted the masterly campaign which resulted in the total overthrow of the khalifa in Egypt, was born in County Kerry, Ireland.

Dr. Johnson's pocket notebook of the trip he took to France with the Thrales has been discovered among some old papers belonging to the poet Samuel Rogers that were examined recently.

The lately destroyed residence and museum in Leicester square, London, of the famous John Hunter, is said to have been the scene chosen by Stevenson for his story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Frank T. Marzials, who is well known as a song writer and composer and has also written stories, has just been promoted to the position of accountant-general at the war office, in which he has been employed for more than 40 years.

The story comes from London that, in order to divert his mind temporarily from colonial difficulties, Mr. Chamberlain has written a play, the plot of which is laid in the political world. It is to be acted on private stages before strictly limited audiences.

The first great-grandchild of Abraham Lincoln was born August 22 at Mount Pleasant, Ia. The mother, Jessie Lincoln Beckwith, incurred the displeasure of her family by her runaway marriage last year with Warren Beckwith. Her father has never forgiven her.

President McKinley has become a pipe smoker; Attorney-General Orville Chew tobacco, privately; Postmaster-General Smith smokes cigarettes; Secretary Gage smokes cigars and chews tobacco; Secretary Alger is an inveterate smoker. The abstainers of the cabinet are Secretaries Day, Bliss and Long.

ENGLAND'S FRUIT SUPPLY.

United States Sends the Most Apples and Spain Leads in Contributions of Grapes.

An interesting statement of the sources of Great Britain's food and vegetable supply is contained in the recently-issued Annual Statement of Trade for 1927. The United States, of course, stands first in relation to apples, with 1,808,115 bushels, Canada being a fair second with 1,020,929. Together these two countries contributed 2,829,044 bushels out of a total supply of 4,129,971 bushels. There was a great drop to Holland's 386,677 bushels, third in the list last year, though Belgium, which usually sends twice as many bushels as Holland, was close behind with 382,914 bushels. France, Portugal, Spain, Germany, Denmark, Italy, the Channel islands, Australasia and a few unnamed countries help towards the total, but some of them send only insignificant quantities. France has contributed over half a million bushels on more occasions than one, but not since 1894.

Australasia sent 160,000 bushels last year, and nearly as much in each of the two preceding years. Belgium took the lead with pears last year, her contribution having been 529,095 bushels, out of a total of 1,051,877 bushels. Usually, however, France stands first, though she sent only 269,143 bushels in 1927. Holland, the United States, Germany and Canada followed in the order given. As usual, France supplied nearly half the plums imported, or 509,934 out of 1,043,819 bushels; Germany, 286,905; Holland, 149,303; Belgium, 89,900, and America and other countries the small balance. France usually, if not always, has been first for cherries, and in 1927 she supplied England the extra large quantity of 192,686 out of a total of 312,294 bushels. Holland, Germany and Belgium followed in the order given, other unnamed countries having sent only a trifling quantity.

Spain was a long way ahead, with 787,580 out of a total of 913,713 bushels of grapes, followed by Portugal with 121,603 bushels, the Channel islands with 43,377 and Belgium, France, Italy, the Cape and Canada with small quantities. For unenumerated fruit, including tomatoes, the Canary islands have taken the top place in recent years, followed closely by Spain, and at a great distance by other countries. But the returns of these fruits, mixed as they are, do not possess much interest.

It is surely time to give tomatoes a separate heading, and it would be well to do the same for strawberries. The only culinary vegetables separately enumerated are potatoes and onions. The Channel islands usually take the lead for potatoes, but in 1927 France was first with 1,146,741 hundred weight out of a total of 3,921,205 hundred weight, followed by the islands with 1,051,560 hundred weight. Belgium was third last year, taking the place usually held by Germany. The former country sent 597,543 hundred weight and the latter 358,000 hundred weight, while Holland, usually fourth, cut in between these countries with 562,070 hundred weight. The Canary islands had mounted up their supply to nearly 101,000 hundred weight in 1926, but fell off to 57,243 in 1927, while Spain sent 28,996 and Malta 35,129. Spain, Holland and Egypt are the greatest contributors of onions, followed by France, Portugal, Germany, Belgium and Malta. —Chicago Tribune.

The Cause of Free Silver.

DEAD AGAIN!

The Organ of Goldocracy Once More
Dead, Publishing Notices of the
Silver Question's Demise.

The burial of the silver question goes on. There has hardly been a day during the past three years that we have not been told by the esteemed organs of the east and their cuckoo in other parts of the country that "silver is dead." Every turn in the affairs of the government, foreign or domestic, and every event that can be construed as having any political bearing whatsoever, has been hailed as another evidence of the great fact—the death of silver. That the issue, with the lusty vigor of youth, persisted in kicking out of its ready-made, gold-plated coffin, made no difference with the esteemed doctors charged with editing the Wall street newspapers. They said it was dead, and dead it must be, if they had to keep on killing it every day.

Especially voluminous and vigorous have been these declarations of demise whenever a democrat of any prominence opened his mouth to discuss any silver question. Such conduct has been taken as proof positive that he had abandoned silver, whether the question he discussed was the tariff, the crops or the weather. It made no difference to the doctors. For him to talk of anything else than the silver question meant that he had abandoned the position he took in the last presidential campaign; for him to talk anything else meant that the entire party had abandoned the issue which was life to that campaign and showed the world that the party was still the party of the people.

When the democrats of congress at the extra session manifested differences on certain phases of the tariff question and discussed them, the silver question was pronounced dead on the spot. The fact that all declared themselves as firm in their belief in silver as ever made no difference with the critics, nor did the more important fact that democratic conventions everywhere were endorsing the Chicago platform. Silver was dead—the doctors said so—and that settled it! There have been many manifestations of joy over the difference of opinion among democrats on the question of territorial annexation, and this difference has been hailed as further evidence of the "death of silver." Here, for instance, is the New York Evening Sun, chief organ of the gold gang, as full of the torres and traitors who tried to injure their country during this war, which says:

"It is as good as a nod to a blind man. This action in Missouri will be accepted by democrats in other parts of the country as evidence that silver is no longer a leading issue in politics. The question is asked, what is the leading issue? It is easier to ask the question than to answer it. If the democrats drop silver and go in for territorial expansion and annexation, the republicans will accuse them of selling their thunder. Consequently there will be no issue."

The Evening Post is just as close as a wink, and no closer. The cause of silver is just as dead as it has been in the hundred and one times when the Evening Post has chronicled its demise, and no "dealer." The action of the Missouri convention meant the abandonment of the party position on silver just to this extent: Resolutions were unanimously adopted endorsing the Chicago platform and specifically endorsing the party position on the silver question.

If the actions of the democratic conventions of Texas and Missouri on the question of territorial annexation mean anything, it is that the democratic masses do not propose to be away from silver as the overshadowing feature of the party faith. It must be borne in mind that all of this discussion among democrats is precipitated by those who thought the duty of the party to go on record against territorial expansion. It is the effort on the part of some democrats at Washington to make opposition to Hawaiian annexation a party issue that precipitated the discussion of the territorial question, and the effort to make the democrats of the east assume a similar position brought on the discussion there and resulted in the convention taking a position in favor of the reasonable and sensible expansion made necessary by the war.

However much they may differ on other questions, the democrats of Texas and Missouri, and of every other democratic state of the union, are a unit in support of the position taken by the party on the silver question. There are differences on details of tariff legislation, and there are differences on this question of territorial expansion; but there are no differences among real democrats on the question of the immediate and independent restoration of silver to its position beside gold in a system of genuine bimetalism. They believe in it, and they will continue to fight for it.

OPENING THE INDIA MINTS.

Not Probably as Near as Some Imagine But Cannot By Any Power Be Indefinitely Postponed.

The report that the Indian mints are soon to be reopened to the free coinage of silver at an early date lacks confirmation, as well as probability. The rejection by the government of the dependency, of the overtures of the French and American commissioners, was so positive in its terms, and of so recent origin, that little ground for encouragement is left that a change has taken place in the convictions of those who rule the country and control its policies.

And it is quite as unlikely that either France or the United States, as stated, has "evinced a willingness to change the ratio from sixteen to one to twenty-two to one." There is nobody in this country authorized to offer in advance any such concession, or any concession whatever. If a change is ever made, it is more likely to be to fifteen and a half to one, to correspond to the old-world ratio, than to 22, or any other arbitrary figure necessitating a recoinage of all the silver dollars in existence.

It is quite as certain, however, that India can never be placed upon the gold standard, for the very obvious reason that the gold in sufficient quantity is not procurable for that purpose. The attempt thus far has met only with failure and discouragement. The present chaotic condition is likely to continue in the empire for some time, and until all of the makeshifts have been exhausted, and the folly of trying to do business on a gold basis without the gold is fully demonstrated.

Bimetallists ever contend that there is not enough of the yellow metal in existence to base the world's credit upon—a self-evident proposition to all except those who will not see—and their conviction upon this score only increases the complacency with which they watch the evolution of the theory. The population of India is four times that of the United States. Silver is the traditional money of the people. To discard the one metal and adopt the other is much easier recommended than accomplished. When gold becomes so plentiful that it can be depended upon to carry the burden now borne by both, India may be placed upon the single standard—not before. The time is not rapidly approaching. The real ratio in the production of the two metals has not been materially changed, nor is it likely to be. Any variation noted in one decade is likely to be reversed in the next. Just now the increased production of gold and the decreased production of silver is again bringing the metals together, after an enforced estrangement, due to discriminative legislation. Some day the mints will be opened to the freedom of each on equal terms, when the parity will no longer disturb governments or individuals. We may do much to hasten the day. We have not the power to indefinitely postpone it.—Los Angeles Herald.

WORTH ONE HUNDRED CENTS.

Prosperity Depends on a Stable, Honest Money—This Means Restoring the Double Standard.

The republicans tell us that gold has a fixed stable value because 25.8 grains are never worth less than one hundred cents. While that is simply saying that 25.8 grains of gold is worth 25.8 grains of gold because 25.8 grains of gold can be coined freely into a dollar, and is in that sense true, it is also equally true that for the 80 years we had bimetalism—the free coinage of both silver and gold at an established ratio of 15 to 16 to 1—there never was a day nor an hour during the 80 years when either metal dollar was worth less than 100 cents.

Senator Cullum and John Sherman claim that bimetalism was a failure because at 15 to 1 gold was at a premium of one or two per cent., and at 16 to one silver went to two or three per cent. premium. But neither was ever worth less than 100 cents, and from one to three per cent. premium is certainly more stable than the 100 per cent. premium which gold has gone to when compared with cotton, corn, oats, wheat or other products. If we want prosperity we must get it by stable, honest money, and that can only come by restoring the double standard or taking an average of the leading necessities of life. We must therefore defeat Mills for congress, and all other tools of money lenders and bondholders.—Illinois State Register.

The Situation in Russia. The money standard of Russia is technically a double standard at the French ratio of fifteen and a half to one. There is no gold in circulation. The currency, amounting to about 900,000,000, consists of silver roubles and paper roubles based on silver, none of which is redeemable in gold.

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.
During the civil war nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of his suffering comrades, rejoicing in their renewed strength, even while sorrowing for the one who was gone.



On the Battlefield.

organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps, whose aid to the soldier of to-day, fighting against the world for a living, is no less notable than the heroism of the 60's.

One of the most earnest members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. James Houseweart, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearing fifty years of age, the time when women must be most careful of their strength, Mrs. Houseweart was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reached a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unavailing.

At last Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, until now eight boxes have been consumed, and she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Houseweart said: "I have taken eight boxes, and have been improving since I took the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

New Mother-in-Law Story.

A Cleveland man who went east to spend his vacation brought home with him what he thinks is a new mother-in-law story. Mother-in-law stories are a drug on the market, but this one seems to be a little less druggish than usual. A man and his wife went to Europe and the man's mother-in-law went along. Up to this point there is no novelty in the story. On the voyage the mother-in-law fell ill and died. Of course she had to be buried at sea, and so the usual canvas sack was made, but instead of an iron weight to sink the body they used a big bag of coal. In commenting on the arrangements afterward the bereaved son-in-law, who stuttered badly, said: "I always knew where my mother-in-law was going, but I didn't know it. I supposed she'd have to carry her own luggage."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Best Reason.

Little Clarence (who reads and ponders)—Pa, I have just been reading a paragraph, which says there are various reasons why a man who talks in his sleep should not marry; what are some of those reasons, pa?

Mr. Callipers—The best reason, my son, is because he talks in his sleep.—Puck.

On the way back from a woman's funeral, some one in some of the carriages speculates on how soon it will be when the husband marries again.—Arlington Globe.

Americans will never be known as a thrifty nation until they are as careful at saving money as they are of the odds and ends in bureau drawers.—Arlington Globe.

No matter how well educated folks are, if they omit the common civilities of life they will have few friends.—Washington Democrat.

A man who keeps a horse in town, and takes care of it, smells worse than a man who smokes an old pipe.—Arlington Globe.

The preacher who knows most is not necessarily the one who preaches longest.—Washington Democrat.

It is difficult to understand a sober man reciting Burns' poetry, but the job is still more difficult when a man gets drunk in celebrating Burns' birthday, and attempts to recite his poetry.—Arlington Globe.

"Poor Wags! He was a most genial soul." "Yes, indeed he was. The only thing he ever took seriously was the cold that carried him off."—Tit-Bits.

"Wagner is not so bad, after all." "Why?" "They say he has never written anything that can be whistled."—Chicago Record.

A Reasonable Supposition.—"Potter Palmer is going to build a home that will cost \$300,000." "That looks as if the plumbing was included."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is nothing new under the sun. In ancient times people pitched their tents and now they pitch gravel roofs.—Chicago Daily News.

We all pretend to like people who are outspoken, yet people who tell us unpleasant things we rarely ever like.—Washington Democrat.

Bones—"Williams is bound to get on in life. He has a will of his own." Morgan—"Yes, but he wouldn't mind being mentioned in somebody else's."—Tit-Bits.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARET. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. No. 20c, Do. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sizing Remedy Company, Chicago, General, New York, 20

FUNNY THING IN SPELLING.

Learning to Manipulate a Typewriter Gets a Man Into a Queer Habit.

A Cleveland man has set about learning the use of the typewriter. Up to the present time he has had somebody to do his typewriting for him, but now he wants to know how to run it all by himself. He admits that he isn't an apt scholar. It comes slowly. The letters are hard to find and the spacing is so easily forgotten. But there is one thing that amuses him. He is learning to spell and learning in the same way he did when a tow-headed boy in the early 60s. Of course he could spell when he tackled the typewriter, but not in the same way. Now he distinctly enumerates each letter, and does it, too, with the greatest care. It is a funny thing, but he finds himself spelling out the words in the newspaper and his wife says he spells them in his sleep.

The other day the minister met him and asked him how he was.

"V-e-r-y w-e-l-l," he gravely spelled out, and when the pastor looked amazed he realized what he had done and hastily explained the cause of the peculiarity. And the minister professed to be greatly interested and wanted to know all about it and the speller is now greatly worried for fear the parson will write a special paper on it for some magazine.

When the minister finally left him he shook hands and said "Good-by."

"G-o-o-d," began the speller and then recollected himself and hastily added "b-y."

He hopes in time to wear out this peculiarity, and when he increases his speed on the typewriter he no doubt will.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thirty-Five Thousand Miles of Calico.

There is enough calico made in the United States every year to make a sash which would go completely around the earth with 10,000 miles of material left for a bow. The great popularity of this fabric is justified by the fact that the goods known as Simpson's Prints are of the highest standard of quality and finish. The colors are absolutely fast and will not fade nor will the goods become limp with washing and wringing, and as the material is cheap and exceedingly pretty, there is little wonder that many millions of yards are used annually in the dresses of women and children.

No Cause for Jealousy.

Mrs. Benham—Don't you really care anything about mother?

Benham—Well, not enough to make you jealous.—N. Y. Journal.

Mamma—"It is naughty to tell lies, Eva. People who do so don't go to Heaven." Eva—"Did you ever tell a lie, mamma?" Mamma—"No, dear, never." Eva—"Won't you be fearful lonely in Heaven, mamma, with only George Washington?"—Oswego Daily Palladium.

"I told my wife," said Gobang, "that I had stayed down town to get war news." "And what did she say?" "Well, she furnished me with an illustrated account of hostilities nearer home than Cuba."—Town Topics.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; but I do not feel the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,



I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—Mrs. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

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CLEAN HOUSE WITH

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PISO'S CURE FOR CHILLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use as directed. Sold by Druggists.

How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

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permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. K. Y.

MOTHER LOVE.

If I might build a palace fair
With every joy of soul and sense,
And set my heart as sentry there
To guard your happy innocence;
If I might plant a hedge too strong
For creeping sorrows to writhethrough,
And find my whole life not too long
To give, to make your hedge for you.

If I could teach the laden air
To bear no sounds that were not sweet,
Could teach the earth that only fair
Untrodden flowers deserve your feet,
Would I not tear the secret scroll
Where all your griefs lie closely curled,
And give your little hand control
Of all the joys of all the world?

But, ah! I have no skill to raise
The palace, teach the hedge to grow;
The common air blow through your days,
By common paths your dear feet go;
And you must twine, of common flowers,
The wreath that happy women wear,
And bear, in desolate darkened hours,
The common griefs that all men bear.

The pinions of my love I fold,
Your little shoulders close about;
Ah! could my love keep out the cold,
Or shut the creeping sorrows out!
Rough paths will tire your darling feet,
Gray skies will weep your tears above,
While round your life, in torment, beat
The impotent wings of mother love.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Bunch of Orchids

By MATE PALMER.

"CARRYING coals to Newcastle" is not the only mistaken generosity of the charitably inclined. Benevolence and philanthropy need a slight governing power of good judgment and common sense to accomplish entirely satisfactory results.

A good story is told of a wealthy and kind-hearted woman whose name was better known in connection with liberal contributions for special purposes than for any individual efforts along charitable lines. Not that she was in any way lacking in kindly sympathy, but the sheltered life of affluence protected her from actual contact with that kind of suffering that comes from destitution.

She thought of poverty as an uncomfortable malady prevalent among masses instead of individuals, and requiring a certain amount of the red tape of committees and regular organizations to accomplish any results. But one day her heart was deeply stirred by a story of suffering that came to her knowledge. She wept when she heard it, and she resolved to do something to give the poor invalid a little pleasure—a glimpse of luxury.

It didn't take long to decide what to do. She had a collection of orchids of which she was very proud, and it required a good deal of self-denial to part with any of her beautiful favorites, but she had determined to give the sick woman a treat, so she selected some of the most wonderful specimens and took them to the poor sufferer.

She knew if she had been ill and confined to her room nothing could possibly have given her more pleasure or have been a greater diversion than those same orchids, and she was happy in the consciousness of a good deed as she approached the poor little dwelling. She had preferred taking them, so she might enjoy the woman's happiness in such an unaccustomed delight.

There was no hesitation in her manner as she rapped on the black little door. But it seemed a long time before the door was opened by a pinched, wan-looking girl, of perhaps a dozen years.

Surprised at so well dressed a visitor, the girl simply stared at her until she asked if she might see her mamma and give her some orchids she had brought.

A moment later she was piloted through a bare and dismal room into a still more dismal little bedroom, where an emaciated woman lay propped up by soiled and dingy pillows. The gentle twilight that comes from too close proximity to tall buildings softened the sharp features of the sick woman as she turned weary inquiring eyes toward her elegant visitor. If Mrs. Brown was unfamiliar with such destitution, the sick woman was surely startled by such a guest.

But the young daughter was quite equal to the emergency. She didn't intend her mother should be humiliated by not knowing what those blossoms were, so, with the reckless abandon of childhood, she rushed up to the bed and told her mother a nice lady had brought her some "orgies." Then she set a broken chair for Mrs. Brown and went to get something to put the flowers into.

"Orgies" or orchids, it was all one to sick Mrs. Rogers; she said: "Thank you," in a listless sort of a way, and Mrs. Brown asked her how she was feeling.

Before she was through telling how dreadfully weak she was the young girl returned with a cracked blue pitcher, and Mrs. Brown arranged the orchids so that even the old blue pitcher did not detract from their loveliness, and held them where the invalid might fully admire them. No enthusiasm rewarded her efforts.

"Pretty, ain't they? Look some like lady allpers, don't they?"

That was all she said about them. She spoke again about being so very weak, and then relapsed into silence.

Mrs. Brown tried to talk a little with Bessie, for that she learned was the young girl's name, and feeling that she wasn't succeeding very well in her endeavors tried to say a few words of encouragement and started for home.

Her visit had been a great disappointment to her. She hardly knew just what she had expected. She wouldn't like to have admitted, even to herself, that there had been an undercurrent of vanity in her condescension and that she had really taken a great deal of credit to herself for taking her floral treasures to such a forsaken place, and had expected a reward of overwhelming enthusiasm.

Her self-love had been deeply wounded, and as she walked slowly toward her elegant home she tried to even things up by a wholesale mental condemnation of ingratitude. She even determined to write a scathing paper on the subject of "The Absolute Absence of Appreciation Among the Poorer Classes," for a very exclusive and aristocratic club of which she was a member. She liked the alliteration, and the story of the orchids would make a good illustration.

It was nearly dinner time when she reached home, and she found her husband awaiting her and eager to know the details of such an unheard-of visit as he had just learned she was making.

Mrs. Brown was very witty and her annoyance had rather blinded her to the pathos of the occasion, so she told the story in a manner that savored strongly of heartlessness.

"What did you take her to eat?" Mr. Brown asked as she finished her story.

"Why, nothing! I— Why, John, you don't suppose she was that poor?"

"Oh, no! you weren't exactly that poor yourself last spring when you were getting up from grip. But I noticed dainty soups brewed away from home were wonderfully welcome. Perhaps the poor creature hasn't a good chef, and food would be more nourishing than flowers, and oranges would taste better than orchids."

"Don't be sarcastic, John; really I didn't think about—"

"No, I see you didn't; you make me think of dear old Auntie McIntosh's visit to Jane Meguire. You know Auntie McIntosh was very rich and



OPENED BY A WAN-LOOKING GIRL.

very religious, but she sometimes had droll experiences in her good-natured though ill-advised attempts at soul-saving. Her visit to Jane Meguire was one of these instances. Jane was an industrious Irish woman who had supported herself by hard work until a protracted illness brought her to the end of her resources and nearly to the brink of the grave at about the same time. It made her very rebellious to see her hoarded savings melt away while she was too weak to earn more. When Auntie McIntosh drove up in her fine carriage one morning to have a talk with Jane, thinking it would be a good time to point a moral on occasional glasses of beer and cuss words that Jane was reputed to indulge in, Jane took it all quietly until Auntie proposed a session of prayer. Then her Irish temper and her sense of injustice put politeness to rout. "Bad cess to sich Christians as you are," she said, "with yer preachin' and yer prayin'. You'd better be givin' potatoes than prayers. You'd be makin' more converts with yer soups than with all yer sermons."

"What did Auntie McIntosh say?" "Oh, she wasn't a fool, if she didn't have very practical ideas. She thought a minute and then she said: 'Jane, I guess you are about right. I was so anxious about your soul, I didn't think about the needs of your poor body. But I will bring the things you need right away.' When she returned a little later with a liberal supply of provisions she found poor Jane overwhelmed with mortification at what she called her meanness. But it was a salutary lesson to both of them, and I would suggest that you try the same scheme with your protegee tomorrow."

The next day and for several days

following Mrs. Brown sent nourishing foods and dainty fruits to the home where she had taken the orchids. But it was eight or ten days before she again went to visit the little home. When she did go such a happy-looking girl opened the door she could hardly believe it was the pale child she met the week before. There was real joy in her manner as she ushered the fine lady into the little room—now beautifully clean—where her mother was sitting up and actually trying to do a little sewing. Was it possible that a week's supply of wholesome food had wrought such a wondrous change!

If there had been lack of appreciation when she took the orchids there was certainly enthusiasm now. But she had been mistaken. Surely there was the old blue pitcher. And there, too, still fresh and beautiful, were many of the orchids.

"How did you manage to keep them so long?" she exclaimed.

"Why, you see we have so few flowers, and we love them so much that we have learned how to care for them. If the water is changed frequently and two or three rusty nails put in the vase the oxygen eats the iron instead of the flowers, and they last longer. These are the most beautiful I have ever seen. I seem to see faces in every one. But the day you brought them I was so weak for want of food I could hardly see them at all."

Poor Mrs. Brown was in tears. This woman—that she had almost ridiculed and thought of writing compositions about for the deleterious effect of her cuss—proved to be a cultured woman quite capable of earning a comfortable support by means of the exquisite needlework which soon rendered her a perfect treasure to Mrs. Brown and her aristocratic friends.—Banner of Gold.

Ghosts.

Ghosts were naturally more numerous in earlier conditions of society, for then man had so many souls. Now we are content with one, and there are some who try to make us doubt even that modest allowance. But in the good old days each person was credited with several. There was one, for instance, which belonged to his body, and must abide in it, or death would arrive; then there was the dream soul, which, I have said, might wander through time and space at will during sleep; and, most important, said many, is the name soul, that which gives individuality in our personal names; and, not to continue the list to a tiresome length, there was the bone soul, which remained in the bones after the body had passed to dust. The last mentioned was of peculiar value, for on its persistence depended the chance for resurrection into life on earth. The faith in this was high universal. When the body of Elijah touched the dry bones of the long dead warriors, they clothed themselves in flesh, and were restored to living beings. The rabbis taught that especially in the Bene Lutz, the last of the spinal vertebrae, dwelt the spirit of the deceased. It is indestructible, say they, and not even a strong man with a sledge hammer can break it.—Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, in Century.

Argelander's Wit.

As Hansen was Germany's greatest master in mathematical astronomy, so was the venerable Argelander in the observational side of the science. He was of the same age as the newly crowned emperor, and the two were playmates at the time Germany was being overrun by the armies of Napoleon. He was held in love and respect by the entire generation of young astronomers, both Germans and foreigners, many of whom were proud to have had him as their preceptor. Among these was Dr. R. A. Gould, who frequently related a story of the astronomer's wit. When with him as a student, he was beardless, and had a good head of hair. Returning some years later, he had become bald, but had made up for it by having a full long beard. He entered Argelander's study unannounced. The astronomer looked at him with some surprise, not at first recognizing him. "Do you not know me, herr professor?" The astronomer looked more closely. "Mein Gott! It is Gould mit his hair struck through!" —Prof. Simon Newcomb, in Atlantic.

Proctor's Solemn Wit.

One day, in the senate, Senator Vest, of Missouri, in the midst of an impassioned speech recited one of Milton's poems in a very tragic manner. "The author of that great poem," said Vest in an impressive undertone, "was John Milton—and it has been set to music by the great Beethoven." There was a religious silence all over the senate, when Senator Proctor, whose face had assumed the forlorn and forbidding expression of a professional mourner, arose and remarked in a deep bass voice that was heard all over the senate chamber: "Vest, sing it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Friends.

"Sometimes," said the young man who is becoming slightly cynical, "it does seem that a dollar is the best friend a man can have." "Yes, sir," replied Senator Sorghum. "And I have always contended that it is a politician's duty to make as many friends as possible."—Washington Star.

WHY HE REPROVED.

There Was Just a Faint Suspicion of Self-Interest in His Complaint.

It isn't every man in Uncle Sam's pay who feels his responsibility as does an old Irishman who is a treasury messenger. Just the other day he was berating an absent clerk for leaving some pins on the edge of his desk where they might be brushed off by anybody passing.

"They'll be swept on the flure," said he, "and wasted, to the extravagance of the government, which is already so hard up it's borrowin' money, it is, to pay ixpenses, and it's a shame, it is, for the min in the government imploy to be wastin' pins which cost money."

There was a general laugh at the earnestness of the old man's complaint, and somebody said he deserved an increase of salary for his devotion to the interests of the country. And then, as the clerks trooped out, the old man said to the last of them: "Yes, it's all right for yees gazoo byes to be laughin' at me. I'll see nothin' wasted here. They kin laugh, but it's not them that has to go down on their hands and knees to pick up thim pins."—Detroit Free Press.

Swallowed a Needle and Died.

A tailor in Chicago accidentally swallowed a needle and died as a result of the inflammation set up by the small needle. Little things have frequently great power, as is seen in a few small doses of the famous Hoo-tetter's Stomach Bitters, which, however, has an entirely different effect from the needle in this notice. The Bitters make nervous, weak and sickly persons strong and well again. They are also good for dyspepsia and constipation.

Where a Strong Bond Is Needed.

Jewelry—Narrower and lighter wedding rings are fashionable. Why do you want one so broad and heavy?

Customer—We expect to move to North Dakota after the wedding.—Jewelry Weekly.

The War Is Over

And now our thoughts are all of peace and home. There are, too often, people to be found who have no home, and it is to them these few words are addressed. If you really want a home you can easily get one, but you should act at once before the relief from the war prices on the advance. In Marinette County, Wisconsin, the very finest farming land is to be had now at a most modest figure. Excellent home markets are at hand to take whatever the farmer raises, and good prices are given. These lands are on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and full information concerning them will cheerfully be furnished by C. E. Rollins, Immigration Agent, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

Instructor—"There is no point to this theme," 1901 (coincidentally)—"Oh, I always was bad at punctuation."—Harvard Lampoon.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Broma Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

An actress is often indebted to the florist for the flowers she gets over the footlights.—Chicago Daily News.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

He who rides behind another does not travel when he pleases.—Span.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken Internally. Price 75c.

Why isn't memory the thing we forget with?—Chicago Daily News.

Scrofula

Taints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent it, thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.
Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Touching Kindness.

The bronzed soldier looked at the package addressed to him with moistened eyes. "Blessed angels," he said; they do not forget us." Then he carefully took off the wrappings and found: A nail brush, an ornamental hair receiver, a pair of tides, a small bottle of mixed pickles, a tract, a hand-painted blotting pad and a pants stretcher. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Would-Be Writer—"What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature?" Old Hand—"A small appetite."—Tit-Bits.

SYRUP OF FIGS



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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Wherever Battle Ax goes it pacifies and satisfies everybody—and there are more men chewing

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to-day than any other chewing tobacco ever made.

The popularity of Battle Ax is both national and international. You find it in Europe:—you find it in Maine:—you find it in India, and you'll find it in Spain (very soon).

Our soldiers and sailors have already taken it to Cuba and the Philippines! Are you chewing it?

Remember the name
when you buy again.

THE ORDINARY PEOPLE.

Society Would Go to Pieces Without the Common Folk.

The Burden of the World is Borne by Them—A Few Great Doctors Could Not Cure the Sick—Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, D. D.

From a passage of Scripture that probably no other clergyman ever preached from, Rev. Dr. Talmage, in this discourse, sets forth a truth very appropriate for those who have unhealthy ambition for great wealth or fame. The text is I Chron. xx., 6, 7:

"A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's son, slew him."

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this Scriptural errata? No, no! there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put in the Bible as the verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Or, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

And I select it for my text to-day because it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning. By the people of God the Philistines had been conquered, with the exception of a few giants. The race of giants is mostly extinct, I am glad to say. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Bible, eleven feet four and a half inches high. Or, if you doubt this, the famous Pliny declares that at Crete, by an earthquake, a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant 40 cubits long, or 69 feet high. So, whether you take sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling.

David had smashed the skull of one of these giants, but there were other giants that the Davidean wars had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger, and the foot had also an additional addendum. He had 24 terminations to hands and feet, where others had 20. It was not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Voltaire, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Maupertuis, in his celebrated letters, speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the strapping warrior, had dispatched one giant, the nephew of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendages of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon, and his sixth toe crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformed giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary foot and ordinary stature that was not better off than this physical curiosity of my text. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body and mind and estate and opportunity that you can not use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrible hindrance. The most of the good done in the world and the most of those who win the battles for the right, are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand, and they have just five—no more and no less. One Dr. Duff among missionaries, but 2,000 missionaries that would tell you they have only one common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but 12,000 women who are just as good nurses, though never heard of. The "swamp angel" was a big gun that during the civil war made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary caliber and shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the "peace-maker," a great iron gun that was to frighten with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off, and it explodes, and leaves cabinet ministers dead on the deck, while at that time all up and down our coasts were cannon of ordinary bore, able to be the defense of

the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians, who have made all the noise, go home hoarse from angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people, with the silent ballots, will settle everything, and settle it right, 1,000,000 of the white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple blossom.

Clear back in the country to-day there are mothers in plain apron and shoes fashioned on a rough last by a shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be the Martin Luthers, and the Faradays, and the Edisons, and the Bismarcks, and the Gladstones, and the Washingtons, and the George Whitefields of the future. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces to-morrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a William Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession; but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia and diphtheria and scarlet fever have in the world if it were not for 10,000 common doctors!

The old physician in his gig, driving up the lane of the farmhouse or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle bags, arriving on the ninth day of the fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, and looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient and hearing him say: "Thank God, I have mastered the case; he is getting well!" excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors of the past or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments? People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of seeing what they can do with a hand of five fingers, they want six. Instead of usual endowment of 20 manual and pedal addenda, they want 24. A certain amount of money for livelihood, and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life, is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel;" but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage.

The anxieties and annoyances of those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when, through your industry and prosperity, you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own 50 houses, and you have all these rents to collect, and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bells ring at night, you rush upstairs to look out of the window to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemics of crime comes, and there are embezzlements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recreant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are like a hen under a sky full of hawks, and trying with anxious click to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first \$1,000 is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your \$300,000,000.

The trouble with such a one is that he is spread out like the unfortunate one in my text. You have more fingers and toes than you know what to do with. Twenty were useful, 24 is a hindering superfluity. Disraeli says that a king of Poland abdicated his throne and joined the people, and became a porter to carry burdens. And some one asked him why he did so and he answered: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the load which I cast off was by far heavier than the one you see me carry. The weightiest is but a straw when compared to that weight under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live and to be a king myself. Elect whom you choose. As for me, I am so well it would be madness to return to court."

"Well," says somebody "such overloaded persons ought to be pitied, for their worryment are real, and their insomnia and their nervous prostration are genuine." I reply that they could get rid of the bothersome surplus by getting it away. If a man has more houses than he can carry without vexation let him drop a few of them. If his estate is so great he can not manage it without getting nervous let dyspepsia from having too much, let dyspepsia divide with those who have nervous dyspepsia because they can not get enough. No! They guard their sixth finger with more care than they did the original five. They go limping with what they call gout, and know not that like the giant of my text they

are lamed by a superfluous toe. A few of them by charities bleed themselves of this financial obesity and monetary plethora, but many of them hang on to the hindering superfluity till death; and then, as they are compelled to give the money up anyhow, in their last will and testament they generously give some of it to the Lord, expecting, no doubt, that He will feel very much obliged to them.

Thank God that once in a while we have a Peter Cooper, who, owning an interest in the iron works at Trenton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast." So they reduced the price, and this while our philanthropist was building Cooper Institute, which mothers a hundred institutes of kindness and mercy all over the land. But the world had to wait 5,800 years for Peter Cooper.

I am glad for the benevolent institutions that get a legacy from men who, during their life, were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of Heaven and let it out at ruinous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citizens at 2 per cent. a month, and got a corner on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world 50 or 60 years in the presence of appalling suffering and want, and made no efforts for their relief. The charities of such people are in the "Paulo-post future" tense; they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his lifetime of close-fistedness, the heirs-at-law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyer's hands what was meant for the Bible Society. O, ye overweighty, successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eyes, let me say that if you are prostrated with anxieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell you how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallons of bad-tasting water at Saratoga, Homburg or Carlsbad. Give to God, humanity and the Bible ten per cent. of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor at night you shall have eight hours' sleep, without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to wait for your regular meals, and your wan cheek will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those whom but for you you would have perished will bloom all over you grave.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world, and when over your remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have been appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their faces straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text, and in this post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked Him for those implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent God could have ever planned or made the hand and the foot. Only the soldier or that mechanic who in a battle or through machinery has lost them knows anything adequately about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are.

Sir Charles Bell was so impressed with the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the earl of Bridgewater gave \$40,000 for essays on the wisdom and goodness of God, and eight books were written. Sir Charles Bell wrote his entire book on the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the human hand. The 27 bones in the hand and wrist, with cartilages and ligaments and phalanges of the fingers all made just ready to knit, to sew, to build up, to pull down, to weave, to write, to plow, to pound, to wheel, to battle, to give friendly salutation. The tips of the fingers are so many telegraph offices by reason of their sensitiveness to touch.

The bridges, the tunnels, the cities of the whole earth are the victories of the hand. The hands are not dumb, but often speak as distinctly as the lips. With our hands we invite, we repel, we invoke, we entreat, we wring them in grief, we clasp them in joy, we spread them abroad in benediction. The malformation of the giant's hand in the text glorifies the usual hand, fashioned of God more exquisitely and wondrously than any human mechan-

ism that was ever contrived. I charge you to use it for God and the lifting of the world out of its moral predicament. Employ it in the sublime work of Gospel hand-shaking. You can see the hand is just made for that. Four fingers just set right to touch your neighbor's hand on one side, and your thumb set so as to clench it on the other side. By all its bones and joints and muscles and cartilages and ligaments the voice of nature joins with the voice of God commanding you to shake hands. The custom is as old as the Bible, anyhow. Jehu said to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." When hands join in Christian salutation a Gospel electricity thrills across the palm from heart to heart, and from the shoulder of one to the shoulder of the other.

With the timid and for their encouragement, shake hands. With the troubled in warm-hearted sympathy, shake hands. With the young man just entering business, and discouraged at the small sales and the large expenses, shake hands. With the child who is new from God and started on unending journey, for which he needs to gather great supply of strength, and who can hardly reach up to you now because you are so much taller, shake hands. Across cradles and dying beds and graves, shake hands. With your enemies, who have done all to defame and hurt you, but whom you can afford to forgive, shake hands. At the door of the churches, where people come in, and at the door of churches where people go out shake hands. Let pulpit shake hands with pew, and Sabbath-day shake hands with week-day, and earth shake hands with Heaven. Oh, the strange, the mighty, the undefined, the mysterious, the eternal power of an honest handshaking! The difference between these times and the millennial times is that now some shake hands, but then all will shake hands, throne and footstool, across seas, nation with nation, God and man, church militant and church triumphant.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The Quasi-shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of wifings.

There are 1,155 glaciers or ice rivers, in the Alps, of which 249 have a length of more than four and three-quarter miles.

MISS HAMILTON GRIFFIN, a half-sister of Mary Anderson, is cultivating her voice in Germany and will make her debut as a singer next year.

SUNSTROKE, or, rather, heatstroke, can occur even in winter in a close, darkened room where the temperature is for a long time above the normal.

SUFFERERS from neuralgia are warned by a medical writer not to drink tea, but to partake of coffee into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed.

A CURIOSITY recently exhibited at Stockholm was a section four feet in diameter from a pine tree which grew 60 to 70 miles north of the Arctic circle.

AT Weilbeck, in Germany, a decree has been proclaimed that a liege to marry will not be granted to any individual who has been in the habit of getting drunk.

JERUSALEM is now nothing but a shadow of the magnificent city of ancient times. It is about three miles in circumference and is situated on a rocky mountain.

PRESIDENT MASSO, of the Cuban republic, so-called, issued a proclamation advising his people to encourage peace by relying upon the United States government for their independence.

IF, as suggested, Queen Victoria confers upon Queen Wilhelmina the Order of the Garter, the young queen of Holland will be the first lady to receive that decoration from her majesty's hands.

COL. FRANK J. QUEEN, who recently died in Birmingham, Ala., aged 92 years, married the daughter of Daniel Boone. She died ten years ago. Col. Queen assisted Boone in driving Indians out of Kentucky.

The celebrated gamecock Commodore Wainwright, after his great victories at Hollettsville, Laredo, San Antonio and Caldwell, was sold in the creekpit on Gen. Perdue's ranch in Burleson county, Tex., for \$1,000.

A NEW penholder has a calendar formed on the handle, the days of the week being printed on the handle, while the days of the month are printed in tabular form on a revolving tube, to be adjusted to the day corresponding.

TO FACILITATE the opening of paper bags two notches are cut in the mouth of the bag on either side of the center, or two ears are placed in like positions, to extend past each other, in order that they may be grasped separately to spread the mouth of the sack.

THE largest steamship ever built in England is now in process of construction. It is to have a total length of 564 feet, a 64 feet beam and a depth of 42 feet, its total tonnage to be 13,000. Time was when master shipbuilders insisted that ships of this size were impracticable, that they could not be navigated advantageously. This experience was based upon the experience of the Great Eastern. But men know more about ship-building now than they did when the Great Eastern was launched.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Adulation is the bridge some walk over to reach our good graces.—Raim's Horn.

To many persons prosperity is but the prelude to adversity.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"Who is best man at a wedding?" "The clergyman, of course; he gets paid."—Chicago Daily Record.

Jack—"Does he put much feeling into his singing?" Tom—"You bet. Why, when he sang his 'Drinking Song' last night the whole audience got the delirium tremens."—Indianapolis Journal.

"They have given me the heaviest part in the new play." "You don't say so! What is it like?" "I have to catch the big, fat leading lady when she faints in the fourth act."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"The minister and the policeman," said the young and syndical boarder, "are inseparable adjuncts of civilization." "They are very much alike," said the Cheerful Idiot; "one is a pairer and the other is a peeler."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Householder's Opinion.—Wickwire—"I don't exactly like the idea of calling one of the new ships of war The American Girl." Yabsley—"What is the matter with it?" Wickwire—"It sounds too tame. The Hired Girl would give a much better idea of destruction and desolation."—Indianapolis Journal.

SPARROW AND TROUT.

Something Concerning the English Bird and the English Imported Fish.

The English sparrow is one of the most unattractive birds, we should say the most unattractive were it not that pictures of the apteryx and the dodo suggest that it is impossible that the avian family may contain specimens more ill-bred and generally disreputable in appearance than he. Both these, however, we believe, are extinct, having perished like the Ichthyosaurus of "innate homeliness, and have been set aside in the scheme of evolution as imperfect and mistaken conceptions." The English sparrow, therefore, remains the most ill-conditioned, disagreeable-looking, and unpleasant mannered of all the birds.

It would be unfair to compare him with our song sparrow, for he makes no pretension to musical skill and frankly admits that his voice is harsh and strident and fit for scoldings, bickerings, and insults only, but compare him with our familiar "chippy." The feathers of the English bird—it is not possible conscientiously to use the word "plumage" in connection with him—the feathers of the English bird are of a dull color and look dirty and faded, his clothes have never been brushed. His heavy bill, coarse head, hunched-up shoulders, pugnacious tail, with two feathers pulled out and one turned sidewise, suggest that the pronunciation of his name, "Sparrrer," is correct, for, like a professional prize fighter, he is always quarreling out loud and practicing "the preliminary oburgations." Compare all this to our chippy, whose plumage is neat but not gaudy, whose form is the refinement of elegance, and whose air and manner are the perfection of unobtrusive cheerful courtesy. His outline is the perfection of grace and adjusted proportion. Observe him as he goes systematically through the woodbine on the piazza in search of noxious insects—how thoroughly and neatly he works, neither inviting nor soliciting your observation. There is no "lost motion" about the chippy, but all the movements of the English sparrow are jerky and aimless as of something that has no definite place in the scheme of creation and is working for one.

Much the same contrast holds between our brook trout and the imported English trout known as the "brown trout." Of course all trout are beautiful, but the English fish is chunkier and blunter, the curve of the back, which in the American is said by artists to be the most beautiful line in animate nature, is flattened slightly by the increased size of the head. The colors are all toned down and subdued by the slight but all-important degradation, which marks the line between the work of the great colorists and the successful imitators. In disposition the English trout is at once sullen and voracious, and is an insatiable cannibal. The American trout, it is true, is not wholly free from blame in this regard, but he does not devour the young of his own race in the wholesale and promiscuous way that marks the feeding of his English cousin.

The contrast between the typical caricatures of John Bull and Uncle Sam is not altogether without justification in fact. There is a tendency in this country to produce a slimmer, more active and elegantly formed animal than the English prototype. We have no wish to lessen the international good feeling between the two great branches of the English-speaking people, but we must say firmly that the pugnacious and procreative English sparrow is an ugly looking bird and an unmitigated nuisance, without brains enough to teach him to go south in winter or breast enough to make him worth eating.—Hartford Courant.

Who Is This Animal?

Up at Mt. Sterling there lives a dreamer whose ebullient imagination would do credit to the erstwhile famous "Supple Jack," of the "Cloud-capped Peaks of Pike." Evidently he knows no more about the political situation in the Tenth district than the man in the moon knows about Thompson's colt, yet he has the unqualified temerity to write to his bible, the Louisville Commercial, a long article booming Drummer Seitz, in the course of which he says: "Democrats are leaving the Democratic nominee daily and falling into line for Seitz. In Clark county there are 300 or 400 of the most representative Democrats in the county who are open in their pledge to support the Republican candidate. The money question is the cause of the loss of many Democrats to Seitz, and if Fitzpatrick will support and defend the Goebel bill in his speeches his defeat is assured." The rest of his vapid effusion is along the same line, and the natural inference is that he is either a victim of the grossest deception or he is himself a colossal liar. Where he gets his information that "300 or 400 of the most representative Democrats in the county are open in their pledge to support the Republican candidate," is a deep mystery, unless he bases his calculations upon a time in the opening of the last presidential campaign, when a small coterie of gold bugs in this county led a bolt from the regular Democratic nominee, pledging 400 to 600 votes in their support; but when the ballots were counted in November this "400 to 600" had dwindled down to less than 100. From that time on the erring brothers, realizing the great mistake they made, have been coming back to the true faith, until now the good old Democracy of Clark county presents a solid phalanx to the enemy. Last November, in spite of the unholy alliance they had to fight, the Democrats of Clark county gave Shackelford for appellate clerk 419 majority, and next November, in spite of all the buncombe this Mt. Sterling Mulhatten can manufacture, they will give Tom Fitzpatrick, for congress, a still larger majority. If this mountain dreamer will spend a few hours among the people of Clark county he will find that not only is his statement as to disaffection among Democrats here not true, but that Gen. Apathy is riding a tall horse on the other side, and that many Republicans will either stay at home on election day or have their votes recorded for Fitzpatrick.—Winchester Sun.

P. Wat Hardin for Governor.

For a time there seemed to be some doubt as to whether or not Hon. P. Wat Hardin would again be a candidate for the governorship, but the enthusiastic manner in which he has been received at the several places in Southern and Western Kentucky where he has recently made speeches seems to have decided him in the affirmative, and it is now asserted that he will make a formal announcement of his candidacy sometime during the present month, probably not later than the 15th. He has fully determined to run, and for several weeks he has been considering as to the time when he should announce. Unless he changes his plans the formal announcement will come by October 15.—Falmouth Pendletonian.

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Inclination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state. D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-1f.

Cincinnati Live Stock Market.
The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:
No choice cattle on the market today.
Top price for those on sale, \$4.85.
Top price for calves, \$7.50.
Top price of light hogs, \$3.95; heavy, \$3.90.
Best sheep brought \$4.00.
Best lambs brought \$5.50.

The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

TIN MUSIC ALONG SHORE.

Life-Savers of the Jersey Coast Introduce Graphophones Just for Fun.

Many of the life-saving stations along the New Jersey coast have tin music on tap to keep out the roar of the ocean and the whistle of the cold winds. The little graphophones with the tin megaphones are much in evidence. The stations at Shark river, Spring lake, Squan beach, Bayhead, Mantoloking, Toms river and Island beach have all been enjoying metropolitan amusements at long range. Every station own a cylinder that cheerily tells about the high temperature on one night in an old town. When the winds sweep up the beach at 70 and 80 miles an hour those who staid indoors kept the "hot-time" cylinder doing double duty, until it was a question whether the graphophone or the stove was the warmest thing around.

When the crew at Squan station saw an advertisement of the talking and singing machines two cents was invested at once for a catalogue and a cheap one was bought on speculation. As soon as it arrived there were continuous entertainments. The telephones were opened, and some of the good things were shared with the life-savers up and down the beach. The idea spread like contagion, and now there is a graphophone society along the New Jersey beach. Each station buys a cylinder every four weeks and exchanges it along the line, and in this way there is a change of programme weekly in each station.

MIRRORS FOR SEARCHLIGHTS.

Important Instruments for the Detection of the Elusive and Deadly Torpedo Boat.

The strength of the Spanish navy in torpedo boats makes it necessary that all United States vessels and forts shall be provided with searchlights, and it is found that it is no easy matter to purchase a sufficient number of searchlights in an emergency. A large number of the finest searchlight mirrors have been bought, but an adequate supply of them cannot be kept. Having mirrors the electric companies could turn out the lights in a brief time, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

The mirror is an essential part of the light, and its manufacture is a delicate operation which needs care and time to finish it successfully. It is not an ordinary reflector, which may be cast and molded, but has to be ground accurately and highly polished. It is really a concave lens, backed by silver and hardened vulcanite. Machines for grinding the reflectors have been made which facilitate the work, but it requires about a week to make a satisfactory mirror.

The glass is purchased, molded into shape and the moldings are put to work on this and the surfaces are ground to the requisite curve. After grinding and polishing the mirror is tested, and when it is satisfactory the silver back is put on by electrolysis and this back is covered by an opaque substance, generally vulcanite.

ANIMALS' TRADES.

Bees Are Geometricians, Caterpillars Silk Spinners and Beavers Are Builders.

Bees are geometricians. The cells are so constructed as with the least quantity of material to have the largest spaces and least possible loss of interstices, says the Louisville Commercial. The mole is a meteorologist. The torpedo, the ray and the electric eel are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator; he raises and lowers his sails and casts and weighs anchor and performs other nautical acts.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or piece of bark for a boat and his tail for a sail he crosses the stream.

The beaver is an architect, builder and woodcutter; he cuts down trees and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

One whale will furnish from 1,000 to 3,000 pounds of bone. At San Francisco the bone is split, sorted as to color and tied into bundles. These split pieces are called slabs and are three to eight feet long and weigh from three to seven pounds.

The Pill that Will

Is the Pill

You Want

Pills are necessary, but not nice. The fewer you take, the better. It's aggravating to take pills that don't and pills that won't. It's soothing to know that when you take a pill it's the pill that will do the work for which it's taken.

Ayer's Pills

have gained a reputation for their sure results. The pill that will is Ayer's. For all liver troubles, diseases of the stomach and bowels, for

Sick Headache,

biliousness and heartburn, Dr. Ayer's Pills have proven a specific, and they will cure you as they have cured thousands of others whose testimony is a matter of record. Ayer's Cure-Book is sent free by Dr. Ayer, Lowell, Mass. Send for it if you want to know more of the power of these pills than is proven in the following testimonials:

"I suffered nearly all my life with bowel complaints, enduring much pain, and I tried almost all the cathartic remedies advertised in the newspapers, without obtaining permanent relief until I used Ayer's Cathartic Pills. The result obtained from the use of these pills was wonderful. They not only gave immediate relief, but effected a permanent cure."

R. C. STODDARD, DeWitt, Ont.

"I was ill for some time with liver trouble. My back ached, and my skin turned as yellow as saffron; I became unable to do any work, and at last was confined to my bed, too weak to move without assistance. I commenced the use of Ayer's Pills, and less than half a box cured me. I owe my present good health to their use, and I am never without them."

WM. OAKLEY, Lobelville, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Pills with excellent results for constipation. I find that they do not gripe nor purge, but do give relief."

CHARLES R. WHITE, Pittsboro, N. J.

"I have used Ayer's Pills since 1841, and consider them superior to all other pills on the market. I always keep them in the house in case of emergency, and at one time they cured my wife of dyspepsia. I have found them good for all diseases caused by the Southern climate."

A. L. JONES, Elizabeth City, N. C.

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FOR SALE

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my Blacksmith, Carriage and Wood-Workers' Tools, consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

Two Saddle and Harness Horses, GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years, and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Buggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

DR. GRIM-INE

A positive and permanent cure for DR. GRIM-INE (half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia. Headache Cured Free by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. 50 CENTS A BOX.

The Dr. Whitehall Mfg. Co., SOUTH BEND, IND.

W. G. LOCKHART, DENTIST, EDEL, KY.

Teeth extracted without pain. Gold fillings a specialty. Will be at Hazel Green Monday, Oct. 24, and remain one week. Charges reasonable.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect May 15, 1898.

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 5. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington ..	7 45 am	2 30 pm
Avon	8 10 am	2 55 pm
Winchester ..	8 30 am	3 15 pm
Fairlie	8 45 am	3 27 pm
Indian Flds ..	9 00 am	3 43 pm
Clay City	9 16 am	4 01 pm
Stanton	9 25 am	4 11 pm
Filson	9 31 am	4 24 pm
Dundee	9 47 am	4 35 pm
Nat. Bridge ..	9 54 am	4 40 pm
Torrent	10 08 am	4 54 pm
Beatty's Je ..	10 20 am	5 16 pm
Three Forks C ..	10 39 am	5 26 pm
Athol	10 59 am	5 48 pm
Jackson	11 30 am	6 20 pm

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Daily ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.
Jackson	5 40 am	2 25 pm
Athol	6 11 am	2 56 pm
Three Forks C ..	6 31 am	3 16 pm
Beatty's Je ..	6 41 am	3 26 pm
Torrent	7 02 am	3 47 pm
Nat. Bridge ..	7 18 am	4 01 pm
Dundee	7 23 am	4 08 pm
Filson	7 34 am	4 24 pm
Stanton	7 48 am	4 35 pm
Clay City	7 57 am	4 44 pm
Indian Flds ..	8 14 am	4 59 pm
Fairlie	8 31 am	5 13 pm
Winchester ..	8 44 am	5 25 pm
Avon	9 04 am	5 45 pm
Lexington	9 30 am	6 10 pm

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